

THE PALATKA NEWS

AND ADVERTISER

The Palatka News and Advertiser has been determined by the Third Assistant Postmaster General to be a publication entitled to admission to the mails as Second-Class matter, and has accordingly been so entered at the Palatka postoffice.

An unofficial Newspaper of the Democratic sort—just the kind you should keep in your family.

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RUSSELL & VICKERS.

WM. A. RUSSELL, EDITOR.

YOUNG MAN, DON'T DRINK.

The young man who drinks strong liquor is like the commander of a fortified city who deliberately admits a known enemy within its walls. Drink is more hostile and deadly than any army. It has sent more men to destruction and death than have all the armies of the world. There is nothing in it. You can't gain by it; you may lose everything—health, position, reputation, self-respect, manhood, soul.

The first drink admits a demon that every successive drink strengthens, until some day it may be strong enough to dominate and glut its ravenous appetite with your brain and blood.

You may think yourself strong enough to resist taking too much. Don't deceive yourself about your strength. You know nothing about that until the test comes, and then it more often is too late. You may never be sure you have the strength to resist until you have asserted that strength by resistance. To resist once, or twice, or a dozen times does not prove strength to resist always. It can be proved only by constant and unflinching resistance. Any man can resist sometimes. The only man who can have absolute confidence in his power to resist is he who never drinks at all. If you have the strength, use it. Assert it now. One drink more is too much. Be strong right now. It is your best chance.

And do not fall into the dangerous delusion that only weak men over-drink. Weak men do not as a rule, over-do anything. It is the strong, self-confident man who drinks as he does all else, with gusto and without fear, proud of his strength, who some day succumbs to the subtle, insidious poison that rots his body and palsies his brain.

Strong young man! If you can today mock at the assertion that one drink is too much, someday you may think the same of ten drinks, and later of twenty. And when that day comes the strength that could not resist one drink, before appetite was formed, will be but as a straw in a whirlwind.

If you have not the strength and sense to stop drinking right now, when will you have it? Will continued yielding give you added strength or better sense?

When the raveled nerves of a disordered stomach and the flaccid tissues of a softening brain demand whisky, will you, who could not resist when strength and sense were whole and craving was unknown—will you be better able to resist then?

It is not an abstruse question of piety, or ethics, or morality; it is a simple question of common sense and health. One does not need to become a drunkard in the gutter to be injured by whisky. It is a poison even in small quantities.

Few physicians prescribe it any longer for any purpose except in hopeless cases to dull the senses at the approach of death. No physician of learning and honor administers it to the young in any case.

When impure, as most of the commercial whisky is, it is full of unknown dangers. When pure it is more dangerous still.

It is sometimes given to pups to stunt their growth and turn them into "freaks." The young man hoping for the highest possible mental and physical development should think seriously of this when tempted to put himself in place of the pup.

Young man, don't drink. There is no good in it. The only possible result is harm to yourself and sorrow to those that love you best.

Refuse the first drink, or, if you have taken that and more, assert your strength now and refuse to take another, and the spirits of all dearest to you on earth or in heaven will lean and listen and smile. Take it, and devils will laugh and leer and mock.

A DANGEROUS THEORY.

"Marshal Field told me once that he tried to be right 51 per cent of the time, and there's a lot in that. The fellow who makes up his mind to be right all the time will lose in the long run."

Thus spoke John W. Gates.

It is a dangerous doctrine. It invites them to be rogues and liars and cheats and despoilers 49 per cent of their lives.

Gates evidently believes in the popular superstition of the recording angel who keeps a ledger after the manner of men. If the balance sheet shows 51 per cent to the good, according to this crude conception, it may be used as a ticket (not transferable) which will be honored by St. Peter at the portals of the upper kingdom. That conception was repudiated several centuries ago.

A man may be right only 51 per cent of his time, but he must try to be right all the time. To be right you must have an ideal. You may fall far below the ideal, but you must try for it. Suppose your ideal is to be right only 51 per cent of the time? You will not realize it. You lose by a narrow margin.

There are no mathematics in the realm of ethics. Character is determined by tendencies. The drift of your life must be dominated by a general trend. Action cannot be ruled by percentages.

"The fellow who makes up his mind to be right all the time will lose in the long run."

Put "win" for "lose" in that sentence and John W. Gates is correct. In the long run the man with the ideal will succeed.

Gates' philosophy would make every man a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

A STORY FOR BOYS.

This is the story for boys. It is not exactly a "Sunday school story," but it has the right sort of good ring to it just the same.

Frank Provost, of Toledo, Ohio, drives a delivery wagon. He is a pleasant and accommodating lad and when an old gentleman asked him if he could ride about the city with him, Frank readily assented.

After an hour's drive the stranger asked Frank to go to a saloon and have a drink. The boy declined, saying he never drank. The old man asked if he chewed tobacco and upon receiving a reply in the negative offered the boy a cigar, which he also declined. That is the first chapter.

The old man who rode with the delivery boy was that eccentric millionaire, Mr. Higginson, of San Francisco. Higginson, wherever he goes, is looking for boys like Frank Provost. Before leaving Toledo the millionaire went to Frank and presented him with \$2,100 in bank notes, which the boy will use to start business for himself.

The moral is plain. It pays to be pleasant and accommodating, even to strangers. It pays to have a good moral character.

You may not be asked to give a millionaire in disguise a lift, and again, you may, for Higginson is always on his travels and always on the lookout for boys. But whether you meet Higginson or not there are others on the lookout.

Remember how Diogenes went about the streets of Athens looking for a man? Well, the world is looking for a man. And the world usually finds the man it is looking for in a boy. You may not get \$2,100 all in a lump by being the right sort of a boy, but the world will be glad to give it to you sooner or later.

WORSE THAN THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Blodgett, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, Cincinnati, has made a scathing denunciation of the coal operators in the present anthracite coal strike. Among other things he said:

"If you were half starving and were laughed at when you demanded better wages, and then with others like you struck for compensation sufficient to support yourself and family and were treated for striking as if you were a bond and not a free man, would you not feel like fighting?"

"If the stockholders and directors of the great companies that operate the anthracite coal mines were in the miners' shoes they would fight and shoot to kill."

"The striking miners have a grievance, and it is one that calls to high Heaven and men for a hearing. The owners of the mines are the owners of the railroads."

"It is the heartless directors that are the sinners against American law and trade and the people, not the miners."

"In this country we make symmetrical American men out of Hessians, Huns, Slavs and the lowest type of Europeans. When a man dwells for a while in the atmosphere of this country he begins to expand. He wants better food and clothing and education for his children than he had when a child across the waters."

"Several years ago, when the miners of the coke and anthracite regions demanded more for their places were filled by importations from Europe. Now these importations need as much as the fellows that they supplanted, and they are treated as if they were not more than half human."

"The sympathy of the masses of this nation is with these miners. They only asked for a small advance. The coal barons were spending more money on yachts and horses and in dissipation than would have kept them all for a year. They demanded by oppressive methods every miner to trade at the 'Punch Me Stores.' Their cruelty in shamelessly robbing these men would make the devil himself say: 'I would not be as mean.'"

"Go down to the mines in Pennsylvania and watch them as they come and go from their work. Visit their dwelling places and see the squalor. Try to read the lines of hopelessness on their faces. Witness their utter helplessness."

Then go out and buy your two or ten tons of coal advanced by a twist of the fingers of the coal trust without one cent of advance in wages going to these miners and what would be your feelings?"

"All kinds of bread stuffs higher; clothing more expensive; even pure air and water costing something, and these men only asking for a living."

"If the American fighting blood would not warm up, your colonial ancestors would repudiate you as lineal descendants."

"Nothing gained by strikes! Nearly everything the laboring miner has is the result of strikes. The labor unions have gained over 50 per cent of their strikes. The object of all labor organization and federations is good. Some of the leaders may be hot-headed men."

"There can be no just comparison made between trusts and labor unions. The first is an octopus, the second a humanitarian, educational social helper."

"These miners do not want any forced arbitration. They simply want a chance to live. The future of this country will be enhanced, if it becomes necessary to paralyze every industry and settle the differences that now exist as Jesus Christ, the poor man's friend, would settle them."

Since June 11th, according to the Southern Reporter, the Supreme Court of Florida has decided but four cases. During the same time Alabama has disposed of 94, Mississippi 31, and Louisiana 145. The Supreme Court of Florida is five years behind in its work. The last legislature submitted an amendment to the constitution to be voted on in November which provides for an increase of the present Supreme Court bench from three to six judges. What seems to be needed most is the application of something to the present judges which will have a tendency to set them to work.

The Gainesville Daily News of Friday last contains a blood-curdling sensational story of two columns on the "Second Coming of Christ." As the date of arrival is fixed at 1929 there is a more than likelihood that the good people of that town will be given a surcease from the serio-comic religious discussion now going on in the News and have opportunity to trim their lamps for the reception.

KIDNEY CURE.

There is no disease so insinuating, so slow but sure, as kidney disease, or so wide-spread. The symptoms are so slight as to generally escape notice.

The first indications appear in the urine, with varied effects. The quantity may be increased or decreased; it is likely to be highly colored and scalding; it may be pale or thin, or thick and milky with a sediment. Later on more pronounced symptoms will be present, such as dizziness, bloating, etc., with marked bladder and urinary disorders.

Poisonous waste matter is collected by the blood from all parts of the system and carried to the kidneys, where it is separated and cast out of the urine. The kidneys deal with the blood only, deriving nourishment therefrom. Hence, if the blood is bad the kidneys are not only overworked, but underfed. How necessary is it, therefore, that the purity and vitality of the blood should be maintained. It is plain why the great blood purifier and strengthener—Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic—has been successfully used in treating kidney disease and in preventing same. In purifying the blood the kidneys are greatly relieved, while, at the same time, new strength and vitality are given these organs. The following letter tells a very old story:

PINK KNOT, Ky., June 25, 1902.
The Dr. Harter Medicine Co., Dayton, O.
Gentlemen: I had a severe case of typhoid fever six years ago, which left my kidneys in bad order. I have tried a number of remedies and taken treatment from doctors, but Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic has done me more good than everything else. C. CORDELL, Merchant and Mine Operator.

There are thousands of just such cases as the above that are treated without results because they are wrongly treated. Mr. Cordell's condition resulted from an exhausted fever; the kidneys, as well as the rest of the system, had been wasted by disease. No wonder Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic promptly cured, because it purified and enriched the blood, and such blood carried new strength and vitality directly to the kidneys and to all the organs.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Gleanings.

Note For Borrowers.

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again; but the righteous sheweth mercy and giveth.—Psalms xxxiv, 21.

Wisdom for Women.

Women write all the romantic novels that are any good. That's because every man thinks that through himself.—Mr. Dooley in the Century.

She blushed real nice. I like to see a woman blush. It's a trick they can't learn.—Red Saunders.

The happiest marriages are those where a wife loves her husband less than he loves her.—Confessions of a Wife.

You know as well as I, we women keep our real selves behind bars, and it is our mock that daily appears.—Judith's Garden.

A woman's pulse, self-control, self-respect, poise, pride, resolve, these are great sounds, great words; a woman's breaking heart defies them all.—Confessions of a Wife.

The Country Dance.

According to the Toledo Bee, the following poetical account of a rural dance is the product of the editor of the Weekly Flag, printed, published and borrowed in Desher, O., a town nearly big enough to appear on the map:

"Slute yer partners! Let'er go! Balance all an' do-se-do! Set up your gals and run away! Right and left an' gents sashay! Gents to the right an' swing or cheat!"

On to the next gal and repeat! Balance next an' don't be shy! Swing yer pard and swing'er high! Back the gals and circle round! Whack yer feet until they bound!

Form a basket! break away! Swing an' kiss an' all git gay! A man left an' balance all!

Lift yer hoofs an' let'em fall! Swing yer op'sites! Swing again! Kiss the sage hen, you kin! Back to partners, do-se-do!

All line hands an' off you go! Gents slute yer little sweeties! Hitch an' promenade to seats!

Telling the Truth.

It is said that an editor recently announced that for just one issue he would tell the truth, the whole truth, naked and unvarnished. That is, the truth was to be naked and unvarnished. Here is one item from that issue:

"Married—Miss Sylvia Smith to Mr. Jas. Caraban, last Saturday, at the Baptist parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary girl about town who doesn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking, and never helped her mother a mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty, by a long shot, and has a gait like a fat duck. The groom is known as an up-to-date loafer and has been living off his mother all his life, and don't amount to anything now. They will have a tough time of it, and we withhold congratulations, for we don't believe any good can come from such a marriage."—The Lyre.

One Model Mother.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor of New York is nursing her baby daughter herself.

In the average "circles" nowadays it is no longer de rigueur for a mother to suckle her child. A wet nurse can attend to that part of the business.

Instances are not rare where society women have abandoned their babies three weeks after birth to make a tour of Europe, relegating their offspring to foster mothers.

Mrs. Astor is not that kind of a mother. Mrs. Astor will follow the example of Queen Victoria.

She is following, more or less, the dictates of nature. And Dame Nature has a subtle manner of blessing for obedient daughters.

Motherhood is the highest pinnacle of woman's greatness.

When Madame Destael asked Napoleon what was the greatest need of France he promptly replied: "Mothers!"

Not only France, but America and the world, needs mothers.—Des Moines Daily.

The Usual Route.

S' started the fire with gasoline. Puff! Since then she hasn't bennine. —Milwaukee Daily News.

J. Pierp's Little Joke.

One morning several weeks after the coal strike began Russell Sage and J. Pierpont Morgan were riding down to business on an elevated train. The conversation naturally turned to the coal strike, chances of the output, prices coal would bring, etc.

Mr. Sage was telling of their good luck in procuring a lot at a moderate cost per ton. Mr. Morgan countered him about the quality, claiming he did not get the real article at the price he mentioned.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Sage, "that coal is all right; the real article. I know it, for each piece is stamped 'Lehigh.'"

"That's a good one," answered the wittier of finance, "but I'm thinking, Uncle Russell," as he slapped the sage of Lawrence Beach good-naturedly on the shoulder: "I'm thinking that the next lot you or anyone else will get, instead of being stamped 'Lehigh,' the chances are that it will be stamped 'D—high.'"

—New York Times.

What Men Like in Men.

Men like in men these traits: The honor that ennobles; the justice that insures the right; the reasonableness that mellows and makes plain; the courage that proclaims virility; the generous instinct that disdains all meanness; the modesty that makes no boast; the dignity that wins respect; the fineness and the tenderness that know and feel.—Rafford Pyke in Cosmopolitan.

Gladys and Frederick.

(An unreported bit of their celebrated conversation at Blenheim.)
Miss Deacon: What lovely weather we have been having.

The Crown Prince: Yes, indeed. Do you like weather, Miss Deacon?

Miss Deacon: O, I adore weather. I really cannot get along without it.

The Crown Prince: Father likes weather, too. I have often heard him say "What should we do without weather?"

Miss Deacon: What could we do without it?

At this point, it is supposed, the crown prince gave Miss Deacon the ring.—Chicago Tribune.

In 1912.

Mother and child were doing well under the circumstances. The mother was immune from all diseases and the eminent bacteriologist was hard at work on the baby. The child has been vaccinated for small-pox and inoculated to ward off attacks of measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, mumps, cholera, scarlet fever, typhus fever, housemaid's knee, apoplexy, cramp, gout, rheumatism, ingrowing toenail, profanity, hydrophobia, tetanus, neurasthenia, neuralgia, boils and a few other things.

"It is a great case," said the eminent bacteriologist, "and pending further scientific discoveries I think our work is about completed. But stay. We have forgotten cancer. Bring on your mosquitoes. It is a well known scientific fact that mosquitoes disseminate malaria and the malaria germs kill cancer. Bring on the mosquitoes."

"I regret to say, sir," said the assistant, "that the operation will have to be postponed for a time. There is not a square inch of the child's body that does not already bear the mark of the profession."

"Then we must wait for it to grow," said the eminent bacteriologist, cheerfully.

But we regret to record that so lost was the child to a due sense of the importance of scientific research that it died before further operations were possible.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE COMING STATE FAIR.

Have you seen the premium list? If not, send to the secretary, at Lake City, for a copy. There is not a family in the State but what has something which might be entered for a premium and so help make the greatest fair ever seen in a southern state.

Brevard County is out for the grand county sweepstakes. What have Marion, Lake, Leon, Alachua and the other grand counties to say to this?

The grounds are nearing completion. The race-track is a hummer. Last year the trotting record for the half mile track was broken at the Florida Fair. This year will see something better.

Dr. Stockbridge, who has been holding Farmer's Institutes in Mississippi for a month, has returned and is giving his whole time to his duties as secretary, determined on the greatest exposition ever seen in the South.

IS YELLOW POISON

in your blood? Physicians call it Malarial Germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chills, aching sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and worthless.

ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC will stop the trouble now. It enters the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison.

If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you, or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Ackerman & Stewart.

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The latest and prettiest fashions are always immediately interpreted into Slot Scams. Our Ping-Pong supply has just been received. It will play women who have grown weary of slot machines and look over our stock.

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The Atlantic Coast Line.

SUMMER TOURIST TICKETS will be on sale until Sept. 30 to the principal resorts throughout the country, limited to return October 31. Write the undersigned and state where you wish to go and proper information will be given.

Something New.

Summer excursion rate to Washington, D. C., from Palatka, \$41.00, tickets limited to October 31, 1902, with 15-day transit limit in each direction. Interchangeable mileage tickets good over 12,000 miles of among the principal railways in the Southern States are on sale by the principal agents.

For complete information call on H. E. Dickens, Ticket Agent, or address: FRANK C. BOYLSTON, Commercial Agent, Jacksonville, Fla.

J. A. TAYLOR, Trav. Pass. Agt., Jacksonville, Fla.
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L. C. Stephens.

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